Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, March 15, 1941. | 78th Year

SCOUT'S DUTY

By "YARN SPINNER"

For the Messenger

Shane learned of the lost lad from the worried mother and a policeman.

ST. PETER'S Troop believed in keeping the "out" in Scouting. Every Saturday afternoon whatever the weather, Scouters and boys blended fun and instruction in the great "headquarters" out of doors.

Sometimes it was "nature study," sometimes it was simple "tracking," sometimes it was "stalking," sometimes there was a "treasure hunt," the treasure consisting of a box of cakes or candies, trails being laid with scraps of colored wool, a different color for each patrol.

"Second Class" fire-lighting and cooking was great fun in the winter. And once the "second class" fellows got through the test you were allowed to cook other things over the fire.

It was near the end of March. There had been a big fall of snow the previous night and by the feel of the air there might be more,—probably the last kick of the winter.

St. Peter's wasn't a wealthy troop, but two or three of the boys had skis. There were also a number of old pairs of snow-shoes among them. And for the rest with moccasins, or even boots and rubbers, a wade through the snow was fun, especially if there was a feed at the end of it.

SHANE McKIERNAN was looking forward to it. He was a good tracker and as to fire-lighting, even in the winter or in rainy weather, he could get a fire alight better than Mr. Doyle himself.

Shane earned a quarter every Saturday morning by going round with the bread-driver. Before going out in the morning he had packed his haversack: a tin of cocoa, half a dozen wieners, a couple of potatoes, a good hunk of bread. With his axe, his billy-can for cooking, a tin cup and some matches for the fire, he looked forward to a jolly afternoon.

Arriving home from his round, he jumped into his uniform.

Lunch would be through just in time for him to meet the troop at St. Peter's. It was a perfect day for the woods. He was whistling a gay tune when his father spok.e

"I'm very sorry, Shane. There's a letter here for your Uncle Bill. It's about the job he applied for at the shop. You're the only one to take it."

Shane's whistling stopped. "Wouldn't it do tonight, Dad?" he asked.

"No," said his father; "he must get it this afternoon. But it's right in the line of Scouting, son. Isn't there something in the Scout Law about helping?"

Shane answered, "Sure. The Third Law:

A SCOUT'S DUTY IS TO BE USEFUL AND TO HELP OTHERS.

"O.K., Dad. I'll run out to Uncle Bill's. I'll take my haversack with me. Perhaps I'll get back in time to catch the troop in the woods before they leave."

Shane's Uncle Bill lived out at Dunleary-by-the-Lake. It would take about an hour to get out by electric car, five minutes to deliver the message, and an hour to get back. That is, if you made good connections. If you didn't, you might lose another hour.

Shane had often thought what ideal Scouting country Dunleary and the surrounding district would make. On various visits to his uncle's he had talked "Scouting" to the neighboring boys. They hadn't taken it up. He knew that Scout officials had also approached leaders of the lake side community. They had met with no success.

They could not see the "use" of Scouting.

Shane caught the car promptly, raced up to his uncle's and raced back, so as to get the same car on its return trip.

As he waited he noticed a group of people at the door of the corner house which Shane knew to be the residence of one of the stoutest opponents of Scouting. There was a policeman among the crowd. Voices were raised excitedly.

"What's the matter?" he asked a boy who was also waiting for the car.

"A kid lost, I believe," said the boy, "but I guess he'll turn up."

"A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others." . . The words flashed through Shane's mind. He remembered what "B.P." said: "When in difficulty to know which of two things to do, a Scout must ask himself, 'Which is my duty?'; that is, 'Which is best for other people?'—and do that one."

The car was coming. He made a quick decision. He ran across into the little yard.

"Can I be of any service?" he asked, saluting.

The mother and the policeman told the story. Five-year-old Ronnie had been playing in the snow with some neighbor's children. These children had come home to dinner more than an hour ago. Ronnie had not put in an appearance. His description had been broadcast over the radio. His father, some other men and the police were hunting for him.

Shane asked for a shoe or a rubber belonging to Ronnie. A little rubber was given him. He also enquired carefully how the little fellow had been dressed. "A leather wind-breaker, blue pants and grey woollen stockings."

Shane asked where the children had been playing. He was directed to a field fronting on the next street. It contained a few scattered houses and ended in a sugar bush.

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A SMALL boy showed Shane where the children had been playing. There was a slight incline with marks of toboggans and sleigh runners. Small footprints were everywhere. Big footprints, too, for the men had come here first of all to try to pick up the trail. The children's were all between the hillock and the road.

This meant that Ronnie must have come back to the road, wherever he had gone afterwards.

If he had gone down the road to the houses someone would have seen him. Shane went in the other direction. All his tracking instinct on the alert, he narrowly watched the field and the fence. And he was rewarded. About quarter of a mile up the road a little thread of grey wool fluttered from the fence wire, on the opposite side of the road to that of the children's slide.

Shane could read not only where Ronnie had entered the field, but why.

An old tree, one of a number of outposts from the bush stood just inside the fence. Shane saw that a squirrel had emerged from his winter quarters. Its scampering tracks were plain on the snow. Ronnie had climbed through the fence in pursuit of the little animal. Once in, his exploring instinct had led him to the wood. Shane could see his tracks leading toward it. He felt that his job was nearly at an end. A shack was visible through the trees. If it was open he would find Ronnie inside. If it was shut up he would be somewhere nearby. Shane was glad, for as he tramped through the snow toward the wood the sun became obscured, a chill came in the air, snow began to fall. It was the fall that had threatened earlier in the day.

Shane hurried on. The little boy's tracks were clear enough as they led through the field. Among the trees there were some bare stretches of earth. Here he lost them. But what matter if he found Ronnie in the shack, the door of which, he now saw, was swinging open.

He entered and glanced around. There was no Ronnie. He carefully examined the floor. Result one peppermint candy. It might have been dropped by Ronnie, or it might not. The fact that it looked fresh and clean led Shane to deduce that someone had dropped it there during the morning.

Tracks had been left by many feet near the shack and they were becoming fast obliterated by the falling snow. Shane could not distinguish Ronnie's.

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MAKING a "cast" round at some distance, he picked up the trail again. It led up to the crest of the rise and down toward the frozen river beyond. Shane ran on. Clear of the wood, under the afternoon sun he could distinguish the tracks more clearly. With growing uneasiness he followed them down the river bank.

They led out on the ice toward the island a hundred yards from the shore. A glance told Shane that the ice was not in good condition. While it had borne Ronnie's weight, would it bear his? And along by the margin the water was actually above the ice. At anytime, it might be half an hour, it might be half a day, the ice would break up and be carried down river by the swift current.

But, "a Scout's duty"—Ronnie's safety was the important thing. Shane stepped across the water to the comparatively solid ice. It bore all right and he could see Ronnie's trail leading toward the island. At the far edge again the water had risen. The ice almost gave way as Shane jumped for the shore.

Here again was Ronnie's trail. And in a little hollow among the trees was the small boy himself—asleep. Shane roused him. Ronnie had been well wrapped up by his mother and had kept moving most of the time so that he was not very cold. Shane carried him pick-a-back down to the shore.—

The ice was out——!

The channel which he had crossed almost dryshod a quarter of an hour before was now a swirl of black water and cakes of floating ice. Shane was not much disturbed. Even though the rising ground lay between him and the village surely if he shouted, someone would hear him.

So, putting his hands to his mouth he gave a yodelling shout, "A-hoy! A-hoy, A-he, A-heu!"

Again and again he shouted but no answer came. And now the sun was declining and the snow was coming down faster. Ronnie began to cry.

"Don't mind, little chap," cried Shane, "we are going to have lots of fun. Help me to gather some wood!"

Ronnie fell into the spirit of the game. Soon Shane had a fire blazing. The first course was cocoa, which warmed them "right down to their toes", then there were wieners, potatoes and bread.

The darkness had fallen.

* * *

DOWN in their hollow they were more or less sheltered from the wind. But the falling snow coated their shoulders as they toasted themselves before the fire. The boys went to the shore again. Shane "yodelled", Ronnie joining in with his shrill small-boy's voice. Still no answer.

Snow fell faster. A piercing wind was setting in from the north. Something must be done for shelter. "Help me again, Ronnie!"

Shane with his axe attacked a small tree. Cutting a pole he leaned it over the fork of another tree. Around this he constructed a semi-circular hut of cedar branches and brushwood, the opening of the shelter away from the wind.

A heap of cedar made a bed for Ronnie, who by this time was again nodding with sleep. Shane kept a good fire up opposite the doorway of the hut.

Then they had more cocoa. They said their prayers together and felt no more fear of the darkness nor the cold.

Shane took off his wind-breaker and rolled it round Ronnie; he did not feel cold as he spent the night between Ronnie's 'couch' and the fire, which he kept replenishing with wood whenever it showed signs of going down.

The snow stopped about midnight and the stars shone out frostily. They seemed to keep Shane company in his lonely watch.

At last a greyness spread over the

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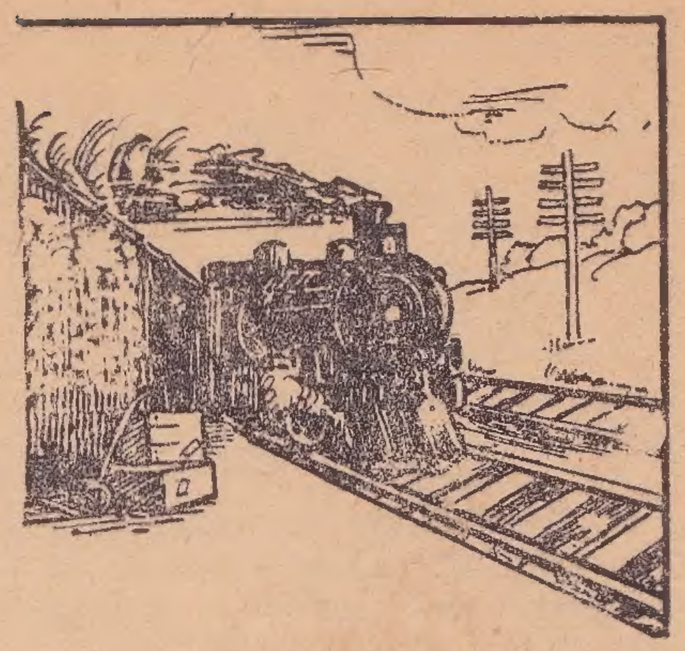
Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORCE
For the Messenger



IMPORTANT PEOPLE

EZRA SYTHE. General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE.** Ezra's wife.
ROBERT DOUCE. a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.
TOM JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON and others, fisher lads whom Robert persuades to form a club called the Topville Progressive Club.
JACK BATES and **BEN JOHNSON** fishermen who get involved in a bootlegging scheme at Coon Cove Point. Ezra and Robert, disguised in Hallowe'en "ghost costumes"; frighten the two men so badly that they abandon their scheme, turn over a new leaf, and settle down to honest work. Jack enters his new boat in a race at Burnett's Beach and wins first prize The Topville boys take first place in the Field Day in spite of their opponents' attempts to balk them which result in a sprained ankle for Robert. This does not prevent him from debating successfully that evening. Topville wins, and all go home triumphant.

ROBERT was so accustomed to the Topville people and their ways now that he hardly realized how fast the time was going; examinations were growing bigger and bigger in his eyes as he studied and prayed for knowledge to get through. He wished for nothing better than a day or two at home with his mother for some help over the hard places before his trial came. Every evening was spent with Miss Barnes now. Trigonometry, Chemistry, French and Latin and all the other subjects seemed to ask him where he had spent his winter and why he did not know more. Robert had studied hard, but there was a lot of work to cover and even the boys and girls who went to school every day found much that they had not touched. Robert had gone over and reviewed them, but he felt there was plenty yet he did not know.

Topville was wanting again, too. Humanity is the same everywhere; the more it gets the more it wants—and Topville was no exception.

Their little hospital was all that could be expected and met a great need. Many a case was cared for there that would have had to go to the large towns and when times were so hard and money so scarce in many cases those who were cared for would either have died or suffered neglect. Another phase, too, was added to its care and four healthy, bouncing babies had been born and cared for within its walls.

It seemed quite the thing to go to Miss Simm's hospital for treatment, and the doctor declared it was saving his life too as he did not have to run from one end of the county to the other to care for his patients.

Now what was wanted was a specialist to come for a few days. Many had tonsils needing to be examined or removed, adenoids and other ailments that required a surgeon's attention, and plans were being made to do something to raise the amount needed.

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THE T.P.C. called the meeting, and not only the members, but almost every citizen came. The T.P.C. meant something now. Tom and Robert and Mr. Sythe had talked over the possibilities, and decided a lobster feed would be the best. Tom put it before the meeting and aftr much discussion, a lobster feed it was decided to be.

All the ladies would bake rolls and pies; some men would give butter or milk, some lobsters. Posters would be made and sent. A funny caricature of Robert with the lobster holding him fast by the hand was made first by Walter, who was the artist of the bunch. Posters advertising the event were sent everywhere within coming distanc. Robert wrote a letter to the lady who had been so kind to him at Burnett's Beach and asked her to patronize the event.

The night of the supper, or "feed", as it was advertised, proved to be fine. The hall was decorated with black and gold.

Crowd after crowd arrived, in trucks and boats and cars. Some came in by train; and to Robert's surprise, although he had asked for it, a crowd from Burnett's Beach, and the first one he saw was the chap who had tripped him in the five-mile race.

Robert met him and cordially shook hands with all. Finding them comfortable seats, he helped wait on them himself. Lobsters boiled, lobsters baked, lobsters broiled, lobster salad, lobsters any way one wanted them, served by the T.P.C. boys in their black and gold. As quickly as the tables were cleared and dishes replaced, the places were taken by others who wanted lobsters.

When all the tables were full, there were yet some waiting. Robert wondered if there would be enough to go around, as they never expected so large a crowd. Bessie and Rose took the money at the door. Mrs. Sythe and Mrs. Baxter, with a number of other Topville ladies, served the food behind the screens that the boys had put up the night before, and passed it on to the boys. Service was good, the food was good and everybody was satisfied, —including the T.P.C. boys, who, when the money was counted, found they had collected one hundred and two dollars and seventy-five cents. Never in their wildest dreams had they imagined they could get so much money.

In a week they had a specialist down from the city, and many cases were attended to. Topville was surely on the map, and many came in from outside places for treatment. At the hospital, Bessie had enough money left to put in two more new cots especially for children. And none too soon, as a little boy from the next village was brought in the following day suffering from a broken leg.

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AT last June the twenty-fourth arrived, the fatal day for all those poor creatures of fate who had been left to the tender mercies of the provincial examiners, and our hero was among the number.

Robert was up early that morning; in fact, he had slept little all night, as many others had also done.

He could not eat much breakfast; the quicker he could get to the examination station to see those papers, the better he would like it.

He arrived on time and was met by many others.

The bell rang, numbers and seats were given each one, and the papers were passed out. Robert had written in Grade XI in his home school at his own desk, but this seemed so different. He hardly knew himself just what was the matter. When his paper was laid on his desk a trembling seized him, and he hardly dared to pick it up. On his right there was a little girl who seemed to have turned to stone when she looked at her paper; on his left there

was a boy marking X's on his paper with a smile. Everyone seemed to look different. He picked up his paper and after reading it, knew then that he could do a full paper if he had the time.

All wrote furiously, as the time seemed to go too quickly. Just as the bell rang Robert finished. He folded the paper and passed it in. One exam. over, and not too bad. He felt better now.

All trooped out into the sunshine, and, "How many did you do?" was on every lip. Anything from one to eight seemed to be in evidence on that English paper. "Poor George only did two. Goodbye college for him this year!" "What happened to him? So good on English too." "He got sick on the third question and had to go out; couldn't return to the room, lost his chance no doubt." "Sure thing, fail on English. Examiners won't know he was sick." "Might get a sup. in college." "Hard luck!"

Robert thought how tough it was for that poor fellow who had studied all year with college in view and then had lost it by a few minutes' illness. A whole year's work depended on that two hours, and anything could happen.

* * *

ALL the students dispersed for dinner. Robert went into a restaurant. Even in there it was the same. Students with their papers were asking 'Did you get this one? Who was that author? Dear help me, I thought it was C . . . one can't remember everything, and that book of poems was a stickler." "Mistakes,—my life is made up of them now; poor George; I hate to think of his bad luck." "It was just for a moment, too; he could have returned if he had been allowed." "Yes, but that is against the rules."

Robert ordered and ate quietly. He did not even take out his paper. It was over now, and he knew he had done his best. He could not help feeling sorry, though, for the fellow student who lost his chance by so small a thing.

After dinner came the French examination. Robert was not nervous when these papers were given out. George was there and as anxious as the other to write his second paper. Some spunk, thought Robert. He knew full well he could not pass without his English, and he would never pull through on three answers, not even if they were complete. "May get supplementary in college is his hope, I suppose," thought Robert.

He read over the questions and knew it was a good paper for him. He was glad he had studied *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon* so well, as there were several passages for translation from it. No one seemed so nervous this time and everyone wrote until the last.

The paper finished, the same lineup, and the same questions. Everyone agreed the French paper was easy. "Some old peach," declared one little blond girl, "who put that in print for us. I should like to kiss him." "Perhaps he wouldn't appreciate it. Besides, it may have been his wife or daughter who inspired him to set that paper," answered a red-headed boy. All left for home happy. So different from the English paper that morning.

Robert arrived home tired and ready for supper. Mrs. Sythe had churned and how he enjoyed a glass of the creamy buttermilk with little bits of butter floating on the top. After he had finished, he went straight over to Miss Barnes. History, trigonometry and chemistry; history, trigonometry and chemistry, kept repeating itself in his mind until he could think of nothing else.

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HISTORY was okay; he knew it well. Chemistry was good friends with him also, but trigonometry,—what should he do? All evening he worked, and Miss Barnes helped him. He left feeling much better, but still he knew that something was missing. He did not sleep well again that night and was up and away early the next morning.

He was met by the same students. They were all hoping that the history paper would not be difficult. The French paper of the day before had buoyed up their hopes. "Must have made 90 per cent on French," said one girl, "did every question, but I might have missed a few accents."

"Wait until the papers are returned and then you will see. I did the same thing in Grade XI. and what do you think I got? Ninety per cent? Oh yes, I did not! I got seventy-one per cent."

"You did well to get that; your paper must have been very good. I only made thirty-three per cent and I had answered some on every question. Of course I forgot a few accents and some verbs.

"I really think the examiners know by what we write and how we write it if we have a knowledge of French, or if we just learn it by heart," said another.

"Yes, how do you account for Berry last year; he knew he had failed in Latin and went home and took out his French books, which he had not opened for two years, studied all that evening, and the next morning he made a pass. He never had a thorough knowledge of it. I think it is just luck."

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THE bell rang and they assembled for the History examination. The boy who had written such fine English and French papers, looked over his History paper and then left the room. Another failure.

Robert wrote and wrote. He found it easy and was very sorry for those who were unable to do the examination.

Next came Trigonometry. Robert sat staring over his paper. A girl ahead of him sat and chewed her pen. Two students left the room without trying. Robert only saw two questions that he was sure of. Another just half finished, and then the bell rang. What! was the time up?

What excitement there was in the hall after that troublesome paper. And, "What answer did you get for that?" "Why, I got . . . My how stupid! . . I thought I was right and I worked it over three times and got the same answer each time." "Did you do the third?"

"Only easy one that was on the paper."

"The third! I never saw that one; my, how stupid of me,—and I could have done it . . . too late now!"

Robert was as anxious as the others to find out how near he would come to the pass mark. He knew he might have a pass, but barely a pass. He had done his paper as neatly as he could, and thought that probably he might squeeze through.

Several other examinations passed with the same remarks and comparisons.

Chemistry was not too bad.

Everyone in again for Algebra. The strain was telling on some. Nervous students were chewing their finger nails and all looked tired and fatigued.

Robert felt sick during that period; he did not like algebra, he was not good on it and he knew it. He had not made much on trigonometry and had to make good on algebra or geometry or both; that would be better.

* * *

THE papers were given out; everyone was anxious. Robert looked at his, and turned sick at heart. Not one could he be sure of. Not one looked familiar. He puzzled and puzzled. He tried to solve and to verify some and worked out two. He tried the ninth and put it on his paper, hoping that he might get something for it.

Sick at heart and in body, he left the room. He felt sore all over. Worse than coasting, this was, for his mind was sick too.

"Hey, Topville, how many did you do?" came the usual question. Robert shook his head, and did not even answer.

"What a terrible paper. Bet the old fogy who set that paper forgot he was ever in Grade XII. Every year it seems that Algebra just has to be terrible; wish they would give us a break some time."

"Where is Sara?"

"Sick."

"Sick! You don't mean to tell me

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Adventure in Serving Humanity

The widower who brought his little family of three . . . was given not only material help but the stimulating truth "You Need God in Your Life"

THE twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Friendly Home took place recently, the speaker of the afternoon being Mr. A. J. Nesbitt of Montreal. Mr. Nesbitt stated that his interest had originally been arrested by the Friendly Home because it sought to fill the spiritual needs of those it helped as well as their material needs. Mr. Nesbitt pointed out that spiritual cure goes hand in hand with the curing of material want and suffering. Our Lord said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; arise and walk."

The Scripture, given by the children, was taken from the Sermon on the Mount. (Matt. 5:1-16) Every verse was heard clearly, ending with the challenge, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

* * *

REPORTS were presented from the various committees and groups engaged in the work of the Home or associated with it. The Friendly Bible Class supports a Bible Woman in India. The younger children give toward the care of an Indian leper boy, whom, the secretary said, "they dearly love." No matter that they have never seen him, that he lives on the other side of the world from them—the real nature of youth is to be loving and generous and these good qualities are being encouraged.

The secretary's report told of the Christmas service addressed by Mr. Nesbitt, after which 42 sat down to dinner together. It also told of the summer holiday for several mothers and a group of children last year. The need for a permanent summer home is being mentioned as a subject for prayer by all those concerned in the welfare of the Home.

The officers for the following year were chosen, as follows: Major R. H. Dean, on active service, honorary president; Rev. J. M. Kik, president; Mrs. F. E. Dougall, first vice president; Mrs. H. A. Peck, second vice president; Sydney Comber, third vice president; H. G. Foreman, honorary treasurer; Mrs. J. P. Copland, honorary general secretary; Mrs. David F. Gurd, honorary corresponding secretary.

All the above officers and the following constitute the Board of Management:

Mrs. G. W. Grier, Mrs. J. P. Copland, Miss B. Kilgour, Mrs. R. M. Wilson, Miss F. Campbell, Mrs F. H. Wilkinson, Miss B. Elmes, Mrs. Chas. Turner, Miss M. McKinnon, Miss G. Kneen, Dr. P. H. Roberts, Rev. J. Burgess, A. J. Nesbitt, J. P. Copland F. E. M. Robinson, C. S. Richardson, J. T. Hook, F. E. Dufty, Mrs J. M. Kik.

Tea was served following the meeting by the Dorcas Guild of Erskine and American Church.

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MISS SMITH, the Superintendent, happy in renewed health and strength after a serious illness, was able to give her report. Reviewing the changing events of the past year she spoke lovingly of the late Miss Janet A. Dougall who had been her personal friend and also deeply interested in the Home.

Miss Smith told a few stories of just how the lives that come under their care are rebuilt or started on sure foundations. Children come sometimes in very poor health, and after a few months bloom out into sturdy, healthy youngsters.

The dentist, who so generously takes care of the children's teeth, telephoned one day and said, "Miss Smith, what do you feed your children on? Their teeth are better than a lot of others I look after."

"We try to feed them the kind of food we know God wants His children to have to make them grow strong and healthy and fine—the kind of children He wants them to be," is Miss Smith's answer.

Mothers are helped to build up their strength and to find employment. Many find the most important thing—spiritual strength, which stays with them all their lives.

The widower who brought his little family of three and asked to have them stay at the Home was given not only material help but the stimulating truth "You need God in your life." Later he found God. And now he has his family with him in a cheery little home.

* * *

GREAT emphasis was laid upon prayer,—which has ever been the basis of the Friendly Home's work. It was born in prayer and started in a little basement room thirty years ago, when Miss Smith and Mrs. F. E. Dougall wife of your publisher, sought guidance as to how they could begin to help where they saw a need. From the little Bible Class then formed for unmarried mothers, the work grew, and had to move from time to time to larger accommodations. And now it occupies two fine residences, one of which it owns.

Prayer was the answer when in Nov. 1940 the financial statement showed a large deficit. During the Christmas holidays gifts came, paying off the deficit and leaving a little balance to start the new year.

Prayer is the daily service and the daily self-giving which the trustees of the Home do not hesitate to ask for from their friends. It is already offered from a world-embracing fellowship.

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I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Further Contributions	$20.50
Mrs. Kate Preston, Sask.	.21
Mrs. Andrew Johnston, Sr., P.E.I.	5.00
"A Friend", Cowansville, P.Q.	1.00
Russell Ian & Bruce Dow, Ont.	1.50
Mrs. M. McCrae, Alta.	.20
Mrs Clara MacKenzie, P. E. I.	1.00
Miss Isabella Taylor, Ont.	1.70
Mrs Charles Burpee, N. B.	1.90
Miss T. Jamieson, Alta.	1.00
"S. & J. P." Westwold, B.C.	2.00
Total	36.01

CANADIAN CHRISTIAN DOLLARS FOR CHINA

Contributions previously ack.		$13.70
Mrs. A. Symington, Alta.	$1.20	
J. R. Kimsley, Sask.	.40	
R. McCormick, Ont.	1.00	
"S. J. B." Earlton, Ont.	1.00	
Mrs. H. J. Meister, N.S.	4.00	
Mrs. Wm. Tweedale, Alta.	1.20	8.80
		$22.50

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND BABIES

Further Contributions	$27.10
Miss Isabella Taylor, Ont.	1.70
L.M. Fourney, Sask.	1.00
Total	29.80

All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns. Cheques or Money Orders should be made payable to John Dougall & Son in Trust, P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes, Montreal.

A Right Valuation

PEACE with God gives us the right valuation of others. From the last war there comes a story of a Roman Catholic soldier to whom, as he lay dying in a trench, a Methodist padre was offering ministrations. Looking up, the soldier said: "You know, Padre, I don't belong to your Church."

"No," replied the Padre, "but you belong to my God."

We shall have gone a long way towards solving the problem of the peace of the world when we recognize every other person as belonging to our God.

The Increasing Purpose

'MIDST the upheaval of nations, the consummation of fears,
'Midst the crash of falling strongholds and the cataclysm of years,—
Years that the locust has eaten, years when we carelessly planned,
Unheeding the Master Builder, founding our house upon sand,—
A whisper comes to us, saying: "In spite of failures and doubt,
You are the tools of His choosing, to carry God's purpose out.
If you keep your shield untarnished and your torch still burning bright,
You shall bear them on to Victory, merge their splendor into Light,
If you struggle thro' the valley, dark with sorrow, tears and pain,
You shall yet attain the uplands; you shall see the sun again;
You shall stand upon the summit, know God's purpose there unfurled,
And with His help together build a better, happier world."

—Grace Pollard in Montreal Star.

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past
And only what's done for Christ will last."

Properly speaking, there is no other sin but selfishness. . . . It is the great root of sin from which others branch out.—F. W. Robertson.

An Australian newspaper, reporting an accidental death, said: "He had had several glasses of 'Ruin'." A typographical error, but an accidental truth.

IT'S bad enough to be bad, but it's even worse to be bad while you pretend to be good.

One day St. Francis of Asissi, that holy man, was walking in the hills when he was met by a peasant who asked him, 'Art thou Brother Francis?" The saint answered, "Yes." "Then," said the peasant, "try to be as good as all think thee to be, because many have great faith in thee. Therefore, I charge thee to be nothing less than people hope of thee."

St. Patrick

IN the fifth century when the Roman Empire collapsed, the Christian Church lived on, not because of its organization, which was largely shattered, but because men like St. Patrick carried the evangelistic message to those who knew not the Gospel.

While some of the Church quarrelled in Councils and Synods about each other's orthodoxy, others went forth to win the world for Christ.—Prebendary W. W. Cash, D.D.

I'd like to tell the story sweet
Of Jesus. Wouldn't you?
To help some other folks to meet
Their Saviour. Wouldn't you?
I'd like to travel all the way
To where I'd hear my Saviour say:
"You've helped my work along today."
I'd like that. Wouldn't you?

—Waif.

AS Christian believers, we are in the hands of our loving Heavenly Father, who never faileth. Those of us who are at home should be in constant prayer for our brave fellows facing the conflict, and it is a great help to them to know that we are "keeping the home fires burning" in the spirit of patience and endurance.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : He will swallow up death in victory. —Isa. 25:8

Mon. : The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.—Isa. 29:19.

Tue. : The shadow of a great rock.—Isaiah 32:2

Wed. : Be thou their arm every morning. —Isaiah 33:2.

Thu. : Our salvation also in the time of trouble.—Isaiah 33:2

Fri. : The fear of the Lord is his treasure. —Isaiah 33:6

Sat. : For the Lord is our judge.—Isaiah 33:22

Bankrupt Estates

WE are spiritual bankrupts in the sight of God, every one of us; nothing we can do can restore the years that the locusts have eaten, nothing can make full amends for the harm we have done both by sins of ommission and of commission—by our character as well as our deeds.

There is only one adequate and all-sufficing remedy, the merits of Jesus Christ. If we are truly penitent He takes full charge of our bankrupt spiritual estate.

Reparation is required from us as far as we can render it, which is but little. To shirk this is proof that our repentance is not sincere; but if by the grace of our blessed Redeemer we do what we can as time goes on to repair the injuries, pains, and losses of which we stand self-condemned as the Holy Spirit makes us progressively aware, then Christ does all the rest.

We cannot bring back the dead past, cannot compensate for the tears we have caused to flow or the fruits of our evil example; but Christ can and will; He will bring forth good out of evil and transmute affliction into a means of blessing here or hereafter. "He turneth the shadow of death into the morning."—"Mathetes" in C.E.N.

"We are living in an age when the distance between a man and death is measured—not by miles nor yet by years—but by split seconds."

Christ comes in everything that concerns you and me, comes to us singly, our helper and deliverer, our Saviour and shield, our sufficiency in life and death. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Who Touched Me?

By Horatius Bonar

"Who touched Me?" dost Thou ask?
'Twas I, Lord, it was I.
"Some one hath touched Me"; yes, O Lord,
I am that somebody.

I came, Lord, and I touched,
For sore I needed Thee;
Forth from Thee straight the virtue came—
Lord, Thou hast healed me.

What could I do but touch,
And Thou so nigh, so nigh?
What couldst Thou do but heal, O Lord,
Ere I had time to cry?

Speak then the word of cheer,
Say to my trembling soul,
"Be of good comfort, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made Thee whole."

Young People's Bible Reading

"They Crucified Him"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
MAR. 23, 1941.
Luke 23:13-25, 32-34.

TO understand the story of Good Friday we should at least study St. Luke 22:39-23:56. If possible let us also read the accounts given by the other Evangleists.

It is the most wonderful and the most sacred story in the world and we should prepare ourselves by prayer and meditation to speak of it to the children.

Our Lord and His disciples left the "upper room" for the Garden of Gethsemane. We read of His agony and His prayer to God, "Not My will but Thine be done."

"The struggle ended in a complete victory. . . . He was able to go through the scenes which followed with a calmness which nothing could ruffle, and a majesty which converted His trial and crucifixion into the pride and glory of humanity." (Stalker)

The Jews had many provisions intended to secure a fair trial for anyone accused before their courts. These provisions were disregarded at our Lord's trial. His enemies had made up their minds beforehand that He should die.

Under Caesar's government they had no power to inflict the death penalty, so early in the morning they brought our Lord before Pilate the Roman Governor.

Pilate went into the case carefully and declared, "I find no fault in this man."

If he had been true to the Roman ideal of justice he would have released the Prisoner at once and protected Him against the spite of the Priests and their followers.

Instead of this he tried to get out of the responsibility. He sent the Prisoner to Herod.

Herod could find no fault in Him but in his weak and wicked cruelty, he "set him at nought and mocked him."

Then, in derision of His Messiahship, he had Him arrayed in an old festal court garment and sent back to Pilate.

"BEFORE PILATE"

PILATE summoned the priests and their following. He said that they had accused Jesus of inciting treason against Rome, but neither he nor Herod could find any ground for their charges. He therefore suggested that he should scourge the Prisoner and release him. To scourge a prisoner who had been declared "not guilty" would be a gross violation of justice. It was a cowardly attempt to satisfy the cruelty of the enemies of Jesus and like all such attempts it failed.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

* * *

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—*Rev. Isaac Watts.*

* * *

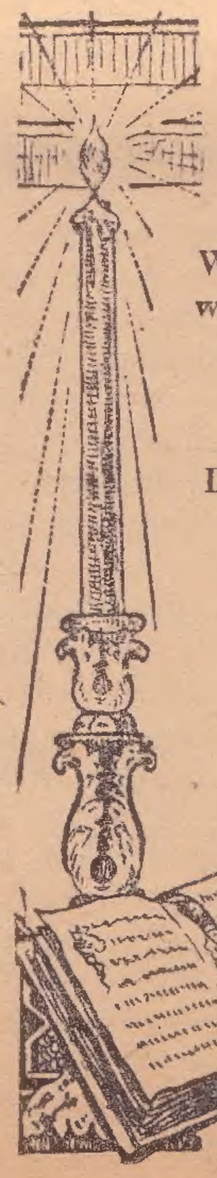
O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread hour your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Love Himself was crucified.

—*Rev. F. W. Faber.*

Release unto us Barabbas.—This Barabbas was a half-robber, half-patriot, who had led one of the innumerable small risings against the Roman Government. He had been guilty of the very crime of which they had accused Jesus. (v. 2) But neither designing leaders nor cruel mob ever care much for consistency.

Pilate spake again.—Their shouts for Barabbas "must have confirmed his conviction that the sudden display of zeal for the Roman authority . . . was not honest." (Adeney)

Shouted.—Literally, "were shouting," "kept shouting."



Memory Verse

What then shall I do unto Jesus who is called Christ?

—Matthew 27:22

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 23:1-7
Tue.—Luke 23:13-17
Wed.—Luke 23:18-25
Thu.—Luke 23:32-38
Fri.—Luke 23:39-43
Sat.—Luke 23:44-47
Sun.—Isaiah 53.4-6

The third time.—The first and second times were in vv. 4 and 14.

Why, what evil . . . ?—One cannot argue with a mob a-thirst for blood. "They were instant with loud voices, asking that He might be crucified."

Crucified.—In a war lasting more than 100 years the Romans had saved Europe from the Carthaginian menace. But in their victory they had taken over some of the worst things from their defeated enemies. One was this cruel method of execution. It was reserved for slaves and subject races.

Their voices prevailed.—"Not their reason, nor their evidence. There is a touch of irony in this sentence." (Adeney)

And he released.—Note the indignation in Luke's words. (See Acts 3:14)

Delivered to their will.—"It is not law, but the will of the mob and its leaders, that governs Pilate's action." (Adeney)

Like many another, Pilate had sacrificed justice to expediency.

Throughout the earlier part of Holy Week the people had supported our Lord. What had caused the sudden change? For one thing the arrest had been made at night. The priests and their armed police had control of the situation by morning.

They had also been busy with their propaganda both among the Jerusalem mob and the pilgrims. The Galileans, disappointed and puzzled because Jesus had not headed a national uprising, were silent, and doubtless in some instances joined the majority.

"HE SAVED OTHERS"

SIMON of Cyrene.—Cyrene was in Tripoli, North Africa, where fighting has been taking place between the British and the Italians.

Simon may possibly have been the "Simon that was called Niger. (Black)" (Acts 13:1) Perhaps the man who did this last service for our Lord was a colored man, a native African.

Our Lord, weakened by scourging and ill-treatment, had apparently sunk soldiers impressed Simon to bear it.

Women.—Our Lord was always specially kind to women.

"It has been remarked that no women appear in the Gospels as enemies of Christ." (Adeney)

Malefactors.—Probably members of Barabbas's band.

The place . . . called the skull. (R.V.) —Aramaic "Golgotha" and Latin "Calvaria" have this meaning. We do not

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Hospital Care Insurance

CONSIDERABLE interest is felt in plans reported underway for a Plan for Hospital Care throughout Ontario, under the auspices of the Ontario Hospital Association.

A similiar plan is now entering its third sucessful year at Winnipeg, where more than ten percent of the inhabitants were enrolled as subscribers, and all reports point to its having had a decided and beneficial influence on the health of the community.

"Any scheme", said a physician attached to the League, "which will make it possible for the low-wage earner to avail himself of adequate hospital treatment, not as a recipient of "charity" but as a matter of right for which he has paid, is to be welcomed. When, at almost imperceptible cost to himself, he can ensure the same advantage for his wife and family, it may be looked upon as a distinct humantarian advance."

The Ontario plan would follow those approved by the American Hospital Association and now operating in many centres of the United States. It would be a non-profit, community effort based upon co-operative, self-help. Financial prosperity of the Plan would mean, not dividends to stockholders, but increased benefits to subscribers

The plan calls for the enrolment of employed workers in groups at the lowest possible monthly rate of subscription compatible with actuarial soundness. By arrangment with the employer this weekly or monthly fee to be deducted from wages.

In return, the worker would be entitled to complete hospitalization for himself or any member of his family in case of need, and would have the assurance that the hospital bill would be paid by the Plan without financial worry or burden to himself.—Health League of Canada.

THEY CRUCIFIED HIM

(Continued from Page 7.)

know for certain the site of Calvary.

I think God has withheld certainty regarding this sacred spot lest we should be tempted to worship a place rather than a living Friend.

They know not what they do.—"Even the Jews did not realize their guilt." (Adeney) (See Acts 3:17; 1 Tim. 1:13; Heb. 5:2)

The people stood beholding.—Probably to most of the crowd this,—the central Occurrence of all time,—was a mere spectacle.

He saved others.—"They mock at his claim to save others, taking it for granted that self-preservation is the first law of life." (Adeney)

In a strange way the scoffing rulers uttered the deepest of truths. *"He saved others."* And all down the centuries His saving power has been shown.

"Himself he cannot save."—Even with us there are things, like betraying our country, that we "could not" do. They would run so counter to our very nature.

Our Lord "could not" save Himself if He were to save others. But it was a moral inward compulsion. He said of His life "No man taketh it from me but I lay it down of myself." (St. John 10:17, 18)

Why did our Lord need to die to save the world? Theories only confuse us.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
That is enough for us.

This is a very solemn study. Have the children realize it. But do not dwell on the horrors of the crucifixion with them. Speak much about the love of God. In our Lord loving even His enemies, we see God. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

And help the children to see how our Lord in His grief and pain thought of others in their need.

"The Seven Words"

"HE uttered seven sentences at intervals, which have been preserved to us. They are seven windows by which we can still look into His very mind and heart. . . .

"He triumphed over His sufferings . . . by self-forgetting love. When He was fainting beneath the burden of the cross in the Via Dolorosa. He forgot His fatigue in His anxiety for the daughters of Jerusalem and their children. . . . He never was more completely Himself—the absolutely unselfish worker for others." (Stalker.)

He prayed for all those responsible for His death:

"Father forgive them for they know
not what they do."

To the dying robber,
"Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt
thou be with me in Paradise."

To His mother and to St. John,
"Woman, behold thy son.
"Son, behold thy mother."

Darkness fell over the world and, for a little while, over His soul and mind "till out of the depths of an anguish which human thought will never fathom" there came the cry,

"My God, my God, why hast thou
forsaken Me."

It was a verse from Psalm 22 which He had learned as a Boy.

"We can dimly guess at the meaning of that cry. We are on holy ground at the most solemn point in the sufferings of our Lord. . . . We cannot understand it. But this we can understand; that it was all "for us men and for our salvation." (Paterson Smyth)

(The quotations from Dummelow and from St. Cyprian below are for teachers and "grown ups". Children could not understand them.)

"These words are a cry of the human nature of Jesus. . . They may serve to comfort Christian men and women when they experience the temporary withdrawal of the consciousness of God's presence.

"But a deeper meaning is also to be sought. . . . He was so closely identified with the race which He came to save, that He felt the burden of its sin." (Dummelow)

"The Lord was forsaken that we might not be forsaken. . . . He was forsaken that He might show His love to us . . . that He might attract to Himself our love . . . He willed to go before us . . . that the way might not alarm us, but that the stupendous example of a suffering God might incite us." (St. Cyprian)

Then came the simple words, "I thirst."

I like to think of that rough soldier who dipped a sponge in the sour wine of their ration and gave Him to drink. Our Lord had refused the opiate at first offered Him. (Matt. 27:34) I am sure His glance of thanks influenced the soldier's after life.

"With the strength of victory won in the final struggle, He cried,

"It is finished!"

and then, with quiet serenity, breathed out His life on a verse of a favorite Psalm,

"Father, into Thy hands I commend
My spirit." (Stalker)

Again I would say, Impress on the children that the Cross was the road to victory; that, as nothing else could, it showed the love that is in the heart of God and of the Lord Jesus, that it opened the way to the great triumph of Easter Day, and that it will yet save the world.

QUESTIONS

1. What did Pilate say about our Lord?
2. What did the crowd cry?
3. Who was Barabbas?
4. Who were the "malefactors" crucified with our Lord?
5. What prayer did our Lord offer when He was crucified?
6. What did the rulers say of our Lord?
7. Could He have saved Himself?
8. Why did He not do so?

(For Answers, please see Page 10.)

BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 4.)

that Sara is sick, and Algebra her best subject!"

Funny kids, sympathizing with each other, wishing each and all the best. No envy, but lots of spunk.

Life seemed to give them rotten breaks, sometimes too.

Robert went home and studied Geometry like mad. All those theorems he studied and re-studied. Little sleep came to him that night. Next morning he was seated at the same desk, with the same students. Some, he thought, even looked older.

How many more days of this? He knew. He knew also the long time he would have to wait in suspense, before he would know how he made out. He was trembling all over. The papers were distributed. He hated to pick up that Geometry paper. He would wait until some one else did first. The fat girl who was near him caught his eye. She was smiling and marking X's all down her paper.

He picked up his paper and all his troubles seemed to vanish.

"Regular Klondyke, this one, for me," said one girl later. "Santa Claus must have set that paper," said another.

"Queer thing," said the fat girl chewing a piece of toffee, "when one finds a paper hard, we all find it so; even Topville, who never went to any school last term, found it about the same as we did." "All must be tarred with the same brush," laughed a small boy.

"Well," said fatty, "when I get to be an examiner you will all pass."

"Yes,——when!" All laughed, and said good night.

Next morning was the last examination. English (3) or (B). Robert was good on English and he did not worry. The paper went well.

* * *

All over, every student started down the street towards the ice cream parlor to celebrate. "Come on, Topville, come on; we will divide our coppers if you're 'strapped'; come on, come on!" Robert went along gladly to celebrate with them. They had a grand time, those youngsters, feeling that something difficult had been surmounted. They had done their best and were taking life as they found it.

* * *

ROBERT was glad to be behind the counter again. He told Tom all about the examinations. The strain and stress. Tom asked him if it was all worth while, as he could have his job behind the counter without it and a living was a living. "Tom," answered Robert, "I shall not have it much easier perhaps, but I want to be a minister, and must know all this and let someone else know it before I am fit for it."

Days went on as usual in Topville. Things occurred to create a little excitement, then gradually died down to the same routine.

Gardens and crops were growing, the country landscape looking richer and more beautiful as the summer wore on. Robert loved the stillness at night when he sat in his room looking at the ocean and the fields. The sound of a bell buoy in the distance, the swish, swish of the distant train, sometimes the long, mournful call of the loon seemed only to increase the stillness.

IF but one message I may leave behind,
One single word of courage for my kind,
It would be this—Oh, brother, sister, friend,
Whatever life may bring, what God may send,
No matter whether clouds lift soon or late,
Take heart and wait.

Despair may tangle darkly at your feet,
Your faith be dimmed, and hope, once cool and sweet,
Be lost; but suddenly above a hill,
A heavenly lamp, set on a heavenly sill
Will shine for you and point the way to go,
How well I know.

For I have waited through the dark and I
Have seen a star rise in the blackest sky
Repeatedly—it has not failed me yet.
And I have learned God never will forget
To light His lamp. If we but wait for it,
It will be lit.

—Grace Noll Crowell in "Sharing".

Sometimes the moon shone, and its full light made everything look very beautiful in its silvery sheen. The sunsets too were marvellous in color. Over the dark blue of the ocean with its ranks of serried rocks and crags, shining like gold, then quickly turning to purple, rose and sometimes a pale green. Every window in the houses and huts would be golden, and even the forests were touched by Midas. Robert often wished to have just one of these sunsets on canvas to take with him to remind him of Topvill.e

He had to say goodbye to Miss Barnes. He had known he would miss her, but never realized just what she had meant to him until the time came for them to part. She had been a good pal, his almost constant companion in study and his advisor in many enterprises.

Robert asked her to go for a walk the evening before she was to leave. They strolled along the beach. Neither had much to say. He knew that Rose would not be teaching at Topville next term, and that his chances of seeing her were small, unless by arrangement. He did not want to lose her companionship, but when he tried to express his feelings, he felt shy and silly. The hitherto helpful Rose now seemed disturbed and unable to help him out.

At last he managed to say, "Rose, I want you to know how much help you have been to me this winter,—and how much I shall miss you. Can't I write to you? Can't we correspond until I see you again? Perhaps . . .?" he stopped, strangely breathless.

Rose came to his rescue at last. "No, Robert,—not so soon after I go. I shall think of you often, but we are both too young to be so serious,—if that is what you wanted to say," she added. "Some time I'll write and you can answer; some time we will meet again. A long winter together gave us both impressions of each other that may change. We really ought to be good friends!"

Robert held her hand, and tried desperately to say something adequate. It dawned on him that she had come to mean more to him than he had thought anyone could. She had been his pal,—but so had Tom. Now, when she was going, he knew the difference.

"May I kiss you, Rose?"

Rose smiled, but slowly shook her head. "Not now, Robert. I must save my kisses for someone who will mean *everything* to me. You understand, don't you? If I kissed you tonight, we might both think it was real, but later find out differently,—don't you want to feel the same about it, Robert?"

Both were young, but Rose had an unerring sense which belied her years. Robert met pretty closely her ideal of young manhood, but six long years lay before Robert until he finished college. She did not want to distract his attention from his chosen profession. . . .

Tears were in her eyes as she said goodnight, and left him. Because she was almost certain at that time that she loved Robert Douce, she wanted to make *sure*.

* * *

When Rose had left, something seemed to go out of Robert's life. He received letters from his mother, enjoyed them, answered them; but somehow, something was missing. Manhood was calling. He had had a well-filled boyhood, but now he had bid it goodbye forever, and was hardly aware of his new estate.

(To Be Continued.)

The Chums Mail Bag

DEAR CHUMS,—

We're looking forward to your letters on "My Best Memory of this Winter". Remember they ought to be written immediately so as to be printed before we get too far on into the spring when winter stories will seem out of date. Just try to think what was the funniest, happiest or most exciting occasion of the past few months. Then write and tell about it, trying to make it "come alive again" for all your chums to enjoy. Not only will these letters make very interesting reading but they will be bristling with ideas for good times. Maybe some day when one of our chums is feeling blank as to what to do for fun and entertainment an idea will pop up out of one of these Best Memory letters—written perhaps by a chum on the other side of Canada—and give him or her just the idea that's needed. "Why those young people had a perfectly grand time just with a taffy-pull" (or whatever it was) you'll say—"Why don't we try it!" And there you'll have the answer. So let's hear what your best memories are of winter, 1940-41.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

To Katie Mahovlich from Marion Eyre

Dear Katie,—Well, as I have not written to you for a long, long time, I thought I would write you a few lines this afternoon. I hope you will excuse me for not writing you sooner, but I have been terribly busy. I was delighted to hear from you through Our Chums Mail Bag.

Have you any pets? As I live on a farm we have lots of them. We have a dog named Buster and two cats named Fluffy and Pinkie-Pinkie because she has a pink nose. Besides, we have horses, cows, pigs and hens. I enjoy farm life very much.

There is lots of snow where we live. My brothers and sisters have to go through the fields to school as the road is impassable in some places. The snow plough went through the road where we live, but as the school is on a side road it was not ploughed. Do you attend school? I don't. Every Sunday I go to Sunday School and church twice. We drive in our car to a village four miles away.

My oldest brother and sister live away from home on a farm a short distance from our place. My brother owns the farm. Although it is late, I wish you a Happy New Year. I guess I will "ring off" now. Write soon. Your pen-pal,—Marion Eyre, Ont.

To Margaret Stevenson from Lois Barnett.

Dear Margaret Stevenson,—Well, I saw your letter in the Northern Messenger again. I guess I am fine except for a cold. I don't wear glasses and I am glad, too.

Yes, I have been to Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia both. Once I was in Sydney in N.S., but I was only small, and I can't remember very much about it. We have had a lot of snow here. I guess we have had more snow here than we had had for quite a few years. We have snow off and on nearly every day.

Do you read the stories in the Northern Messenger? I do and enjoy them very much. I enjoyed "Guards at the Dam" and I like "Behind the Counter." They sure are interesting stories.

A little while ago our school class had a toboggan party and I had lots of fun. One boy accidentally hurt his knee. He wasn't to school for about three weeks afterwards.

Well, I guess I had better stop now. Cheerio. Your pen-pal,—Lois Barnett.

To Barbara Nickerson from Miriam Pulsifer

Dear Barbara Nickerson;—You did not ask me to write to you, but I saw your letter in the Chum's Page and I have a good reason for writing you which I will explain. You said in your letter to Dorthy Harmaford that you didn't like your hair called red and that people teased you about it being long. My hair is both red and long and I often get teased about it. I used to hate to have it called red but I do not mind now.

How old are you? I am eleven and will be twelve on June the 15th. I am in Grade six. My birthday is not long after yours is it?

Do you wear your hair in braids? I wear mine in braids or else combed out and tied with a ribbon. What province do you live in? I live in Nova Scotia.

Did you have much snow this winter where you live? We have a lot here, the roads are blocked and the minister cannot get out to have church and the mailman has to come with a horse and sleigh instead of his car.

Please write to me soon won't you? I must close now. Wishing you a happy birthday, as it will soon be your birthday. Sincerely, Your Chum,—Miriam Pulsifer; N.S.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. That neither he nor Herod could find any fault in Him.
2. "Crucify Him, Release unto us Barabbas."
3. A rebel against the Romans, a robber and murderer.
4. Probably two members of Barabbas' band.
5. "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do."
6. "He saved others; let him save himself."
7. Yes. He could do all things.
8. So that He might save us and all the world.

A SCOUT'S DUTY

(Continued from Page 2.)

sky, the stars paled, the clouds took on tints of crimson and gold and then the sun-beams shot like arrows through the wood. Shane again went to the shore and "yodelled" at the top of his voice.

* * *

A DAIRY farmer going to his barn as the sun rose noticed a column of smoke rising in the still air. Crossing the field, he passed through the bush and saw it came from the Island. At the same instant a weird sound broke through the stillness. "Ahoy! a-hoy! a-he! a-heu!"

Mr. Farmer jumped as he thought of "spooks." But a second's thought told him that this was no spook. As the light grew he saw a figure on the island shore and again came the yodel, "A-hoy! ahoy! a-he! a-heu!" He answered back with a loud "Hallo!"

* * *

LESS than an hour afterwards Ronnie was safely tucked away in bed. Shane on reaching his uncle's, found his father there. He had come out when Shane had failed to get home by dark.

He had joined in search for the missing boys, but had confidence right through that "Shane could take care of himself."

I met Ronnie's father the other day and asked him how the Scouts were getting on in Dunleary. He said, "Fine! It is the best thing we ever started. What I like about a Scout is his usefulness. You know one of their Laws reads, "A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others."

Painter of the "Landscape After Rain"

By Julia Graydon.

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THEODORE ROUSSEAU, son of a tradesman, was born in Paris in 1812, the year of the war between England and America for "right of search" on the seas.

Early in life the little French boy began to show a fondness for art and at the age of fourteen he produced a picture called "The Signal Station". His ambition was to devote his whole life to one picture, but as he grew older he changed his mind in regard to this. I once knew a young man a little like Rousseau, who wanted to write a poem which would equal the most beautiful sunset he had ever seen , but he did not live long enough to accomplish this.

Rousseau was fond of travelling and he loved the Alps and the Pyrenees and made many sketches among them.

He loved to paint the wild gorges and foaming torrents and sometimes he roamed all night in the forests, so fond was he of the wildness of nature. Like Corot he painted foliage as he saw it in mass, not stiff but swaying; and his first pictures, too, were criticised and were not accepted for the annual exhibition at Paris.

He went to the Brbizon in 1833 and began to paint small details in nature, such as twigs, pebbles, moss and grass. His hospitable nature drew many people to him at Barbizon and when he went back to Paris for the winter they hardly knew what to do without him. In 1848 he built a house at Barbizon and lived there for nineteen years. His wife was a nervous invalid and often they faced poverty, but by and by fame came to him and his painting brought high prices.

He loved the children of Millet, the painter, who was also at Barbizon, and used to send them sweets, and they always ran to meet him when he came back to Paris.

In 1852 when he ws forty he was decorated with the cross of the "Legion of Honor."

Rousseau died in the year 1867 with his faithful friend, Millet, by his side. The great painter had a sad life in some respects, yet he rose above his circumstnces and helped to make life beautiful for others. "The grandeur of Rousseau's landscapes is only the record of Rousseau's lofty mind."

One of his pictures is "Gorges of Apremont" in the Vanderbilt collection in New York. Other pictures are "Landscape after Rain," "Edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau," in the Louvre, "Setting Sun," also in the Louvre, "Road in the Forest" and a picture painted in Brittany in 1837 called "Avenue of Chestnuts."

THE STRONG MAN

I EXPECT that all of you have seen a picture of St. Christopher carrying the Christ child across the river. But I wonder how many of you have heard the story how he came to do it.

The story says that when Christopher was a young man he was very strong, the strongest man of his time. No one could beat him at fighting or wrestling. He was very proud of his strength, and when, a little later he became a soldier he made a vow that he would serve the strongest master who feared no one.

So he took service under one master after another, until at last he came to serve a great King who seemed the mightiest monarch in the world. Christopher was very proud of his master. "He fears nobody", said Christopher.

Then one day he heard the king say, "I fear none but the devil." And that day Christopher left the King's service and started to serve the devil! The story tells how Christopher followed this dreadful master everywhere, until one day, as they travelled along they came to a wayside cross, and Christopher saw the devil turn suddenly away.

"What is wrong?" asked Christopher. "Are you afraid of a piece of wood?"

"I hate it," answered the devil. "It is the sign of One who defied me, and whom I cannot conquer."

"Then," said Christopher, "Goodbye. I will go and serve Him."

So Christopher sought for his new master and at last came to a place where an old hermit lived by a river, and used to guide people over the ford.

And the hermit told Christopher about Christ, and Chrisopher became Christ's man. The hermit told him that the best way he could serve Christ was to give his great strength to help the weak. so Christopher stayed there, and spent his time in carrying travellers across the ford.

And that is how, at last on one dark night, he heard a child's voice calling: "Christopther carry me across!" And not knowing whom he carried, took the Christ Child upon his strong shoulders, and bore Him over the river.

And so he was given the name "Christopher" which means the Christ-bearer.

Christopher came to serve Christ because he wanted to serve the strongest Master, who feared no one. For no one else is as strong as Jesus—

"Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin,
Satan to Jesus must bow."

"All authority in heaven and on earth is given unto Me," said Jesus. If you serve Jesus you can be very proud and sure of Him. You need never be ashamed of your mighty Master. He is the strongest Master in the world. And He is afraid of no one. And some day soon He will reign as King over all the world and all men everywhere will do His will—Methodist Recorder.

The Answer

Our house is usually neat,
With things where they belong;
The plants are green and blossoming,
And not a thing goes wrong.
The clocks are always ticking,
The dog is always fed,
The kitchen always tidied up.
Meals punctually spread,

But now it doesn't look the same,
No one can find his things;
The plants are brown, and every day
Some new disaster brings.
The clocks are sadly silent,
The dog looks gaunt and drear,
The kitchen is a crock'ry heap—
Cold dinner-things taste queer.

You'd like to know what turned the trick?
I'll tell you—simply, mother's sick.

—The Canadian Doctor.

TOOK NO CHANCES

Old Gentleman: "You're an honest lad, but it was a $10.00 bill, not 10 ones."

Small Boy: "I know, mister, it was a $10.00 bill I picked up. But the last time I found one the man who owned it didn't have any change."

STILL LOST

A Yankee was on a Christmas walking tour in Scotland. Snow had fallen and he was struggling along a narrow road when he met a Highlander.

"I guess, friend, I am lost!" he said, plaintively.

Scot: "Is there a reward oot for ye?"

American: "Nope."

Scot: "Weel, ye're still lost."

"Cowardy Custard"

By BEATRICE CURL

For the Messenger

THE nieces of the Kane family liked to hear how brave Uncle Gordon, got over being afraid. Such a funny way to say it, they thought, but then that was the way Granny always said it. Uncle Gordon was their hero, and not afraid of anything. And when they had been told that the boys had nicknamed him "Cowardy Custard", they were not sure whether they should laugh, or feel very, very sorry. And whenever a new boy or girl came to visit them, they would make sure they were told the story.

Yes, Uncle Gordon had been nicknamed Cowardy Custard at school. Uncle Gordon knew that he had earned the title, because he was fearfully frightened of the dark, for to him, the dark held all manner of evil, cruel things. Things that did not dare to venture out in the daylight. Things that were always on the lookout for little boys, when they went into a dark room, or out of doors without a lantern.

Nobody knew why he was, or should be afraid of the dark. All the punishment Grandma or Grandpa gave him made no difference. He was still afraid of the dark. When he was a baby he would cry out with terror when left in a dark room. So Grandma had to leave a lamp or candle for him to go to sleep by. And when he was twelve he was still afraid of the dark, and every night that candle burned itself out in his bedroom.

* * *

UNCLE Gordon was ashamed of being afraid of the dark, and no matter how often he promised himself that he was going to be brave, he was just as frightened when night came. But one night after he had gone to bed, and was fast asleep, Mother came up and wakened him.

"You will have to go for the doctor," she told him. "Hurry up, Daddy is very sick." There were no telephones in the country in those days, so Gordon would have to go on horseback.

He sat up in bed. "Go for the doctor. Hurry up, Daddy is very sick," raced through his brain. He and his dad were great pals.

"But mother, I'm afraid" he pleaded with terror in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to forget about being afraid, hurry up, put the bridle on Dan, nothing will hurt Dan, and if nothing hurts him, nothing will hurt you, and remember God will take care of you."

And mother hurried from the room, leaving him to dress. No matter how he tried to hurry, things went wrong, but he finally got downstairs. Mother was waiting to help him into his coat and laced up one of his boots while he laced up the other. Then they hurried to the stable to saddle and bridle Dan.

"We'll hang the lantern here, so you can see to put Dan back in the stable. There's lots of stars out, so you won't be lonesome. Now, dear, remember that your daddy depends on you, and give this note to Dr. Bell."

* * *

HE was on the road to the village, four miles away. The road lay through a swamp with trees and bushes along the roadsides. It was summer and the fireflies darted through the air. Here and there a toad leaped into the ditch, or to the side of the road.

Dan's shoes clicked against the gravel stones, as he trotted down the centre of the road. Uncle Gordon sat clinging to the reins. The horrid goose flesh kept creeping up and down his back, and the tears were running down his cheeks. He expected to see something jump out at him. But all was quiet except for the thump, thump of Dan's feet.

He was so absorbed in watching for something to seize him that he did not hear anybody coming until Dan turned out to give them half of the road, and it was only terror that prevented him from screaming out.

A few lights blinked in the windows of the houses, when he got to the village. Arriving at the doctor's, he was joyful at seeing a light in his office.

"Just a minute, you can ride with me, and lead your horse home".

Uncle Gordon helped the doctor to hitch his horse to the buggy and in another minute they were on their way to the Kane farm. He put Dan back in the stable, then went to the house, and waited in the kitchen until his mother came out.

"The doctor says it is lucky we did not wait until morning to send for him. He says that Daddy will soon be all right."

Then Gordon Kane went up stairs with a light heart and his head high. He blew out the light and got into bed, and, "Oh, boy, just wait until the other guys call me Cowardy Custard again," he vowed and snuggled down under the blankets.

We have taken this paper for many years and would not be without it. Every member of the family reads it. —L. T. B., B.C.

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"KEEP YOUR WITS WORKING"

THROWING THE SMILE

THE children sit in a circle and try to keep straight faces. The player who has agreed to begin gives a broad smile, which, after a moment or two, he pretends to wipe away by passing his hand across his face. He flings out his hand to any one of the party whom he may choose, and the other, being supposed to receive the smile thus "thrown," must go through the same procedure as the first, duly throwing his own smile to someone else. Anyone who smiles out of his turn must either go out of the game or pay a forfeit.

JUMBLED SEAS

If the letters of each of the following words and phrases are properly re-arranged they spell the names of six seas in various parts of the world.

A NEAT REMINDER
THORN BIG ERN
AS IN CAP TO RIM
CAB LIT

WHAT AM I?

My first is to gather,
My second is used by a woodman,
My whole is a useful tool.

HOODMAN BLIND

THE condition is that none of the players must make a sound whilst they are taking part in this. One child is blindfolded, and immediately all the others silently seat themselves round the room. Two spoons are thrust into Hoodman Blind's hands, and with these he has to feel for the faces of the other players—instead of using his hand. It is almost impossible for the onlookers to keep their faces straight while this is going on, but immediately one laughs or raises a cry, he must pay a forfeit. This goes on until the blindfolded player guesses the identity of one he has "caught," whereupon the captured player takes his turn as Hoodman Blind.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in mincemeat but not in pie,
My second's in stocking but not in tie,
My third is in greeting but not in card,
My fourth is in carol but not in bard,
My whole is a season the children love,
The symbol it stands for is often a dove.

Our New Feature

Building NOAH'S ARK - Chapter I

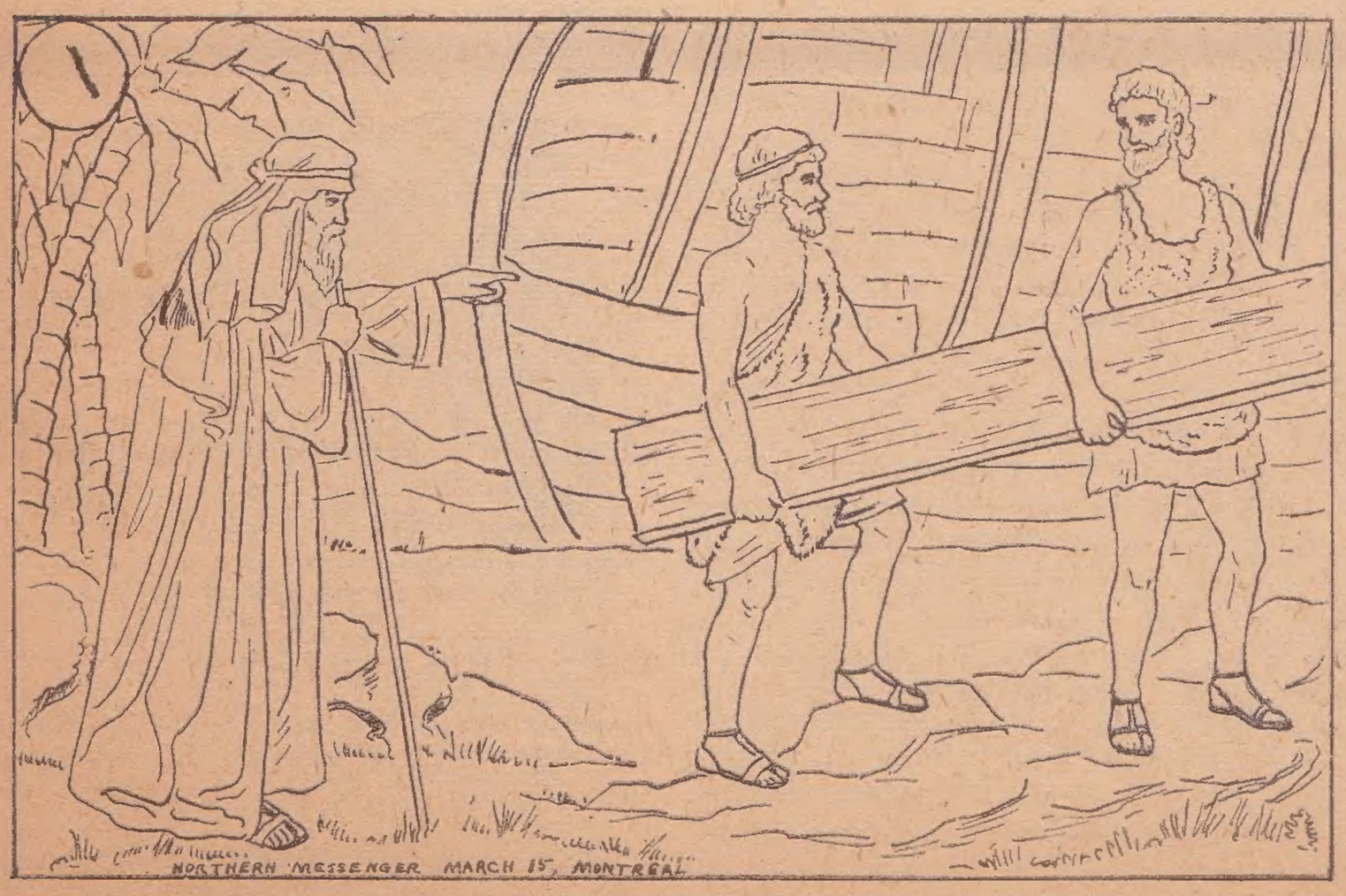
(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

LONG, long ago—oh, very long ago men, for whom God had made the world so beautiful, turned away from Him and made everything hideous with their wickedness. Then God decided He would wash away all the uncleanness and start over again with one man, Noah, who was sincere and honest.

So God told Noah to build a big ship called an ark that would hold all that was needed for the new world order. Noah believed God and started at once to build the ship and to tell his neighbors what God had told him about a great flood that was coming. None of them believed, or repented, except his own family. Noah felt sorry for them, but he went ahead doing what God had told him. When the ark was ready he and his family were to get into it. They were to take with them two animals of every kind, a mother and a father cat and dog and lion and elephant. But of sheep and cows and chickens and all animals good for food He told Noah to save seven of each so that after the flood life would begin afresh on the earth.

In our picture you see two men carrying a big plank to put into the side of the Ark which Noah built. Now get out your crayons and see how well you can color the Ark and Noah and his helpers and the sky and rocks and grass. Then keep this picture and its story till next week when, in Picture No. 2, we will show you the animals going into the Ark. Picture Number 3 will show the Ark floating on the water and a dove coming to it. Picture No. 4 will show the Ark on land again and the animals safely coming out of it.

Four Sundays from now you will have colored the four pictures and learned the story of the Flood in a way you will never forget. Then you can paste the four pictures 1, 2, 3 and 4 on a long strip of paper and tack it up.



Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Queer Cats—1. Catalogue. 2. Catechism. 3. Cathedral. 4. Cataclysm. 5. Catastrophe. 6 Catamaran. 7. Catapult. 8. Cataract. 9. Catkin. 10. Cattle.

Word Square—

L O A F
O G R E
A R E A
F E A T

Word Change—Bone, Bole, Bolt, Belt, Beat, Meat.

Beheadings—1. Scow, cow. 2. Cowl, owl. 3. Dearth, earth. 4. Prime, rime. 5. Ideal, deal. 6. Score, core.

What Fish?—1. Herring. 2. Carp. 3. Shark. 4. Pickrel, 5. Mackrel. 6. Halibut.

ACROSTIC

A stands for Appetite, most hard to break,
L stands for Losses one takes, for its sake.
C stands for Carlessness, making it start.
O stands for Odd since it makes one less smart.
H stands for Habit, a dangerous one, too;
O stands for Offenses, it makes people do.
L stands for Life, made less happy for all.
Put it together—It spells ALCOHOL.

—Canadian White Ribbon Tidings

Calendar: "My days are numbered."
Needle: "I've got something in my eye."
Stamp: "I'll be licked sooner or later."
Tree: "I'll be stumped when I die."
Root: I'll be squared in school."

While the Kettle Sings . . . Try Some of These

VEGETABLE RECIPES.

THESE vegetable recipes may come in very handy during Lent, when it becomes something of a difficult task to keep variety in the menu without the aid of meat.

VEGETABLE BRAWN

Half pound tomatoes; 1-2 oz. butter; 2 ozs. grated cheese; grated onion; 1 egg; 4 ozs. breadcrumbs; salt; pepper. Scald the tomatoes in hot water to peel them, cut them up. Place in a pan with the butter and simmer gently for a few minutes. Now add the grated cheese and crumbs with the egg well beaten. Grate a little onion into the rest then season well with salt and pepper. Simmer gently and stir until mixture thickens. Place in small glass moulds. Pour a little melted butter on top to keep air tight. This makes an ideal sandwich spread.

VEGETABLE CHARLOTTE

Use some stale pieces of bread. Cut into long fingers, then fry in bacon fat. Line a mould with these (a tin one), fitting each one close to the next. Fill with the following mixture: Cooked cauliflower (break this into small pieces), beans cooked, as well as any other left-over vegetables. If available, a little cooked ham is a great improvement. Pepper and salt, with one pint of thick parsley sauce. Cover the tin when filled with a round of fried bread. Place in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Turn out carefully.

VEGETARIAN BIRDS' NESTS

Boil one cup of rice with one chopped onion. Keep adding more water as the first is absorbed by the rice. When cooked, add a little powdered sage. Season with pepper and salt. Strain well, then set aside to cool. Boil as many eggs as are needed, until hard. When the mixture is cool, add a beaten egg to bind it. Shell the hard-boiled eggs, roll each egg in the mixture. Coat well with breadcrumbs and fry in boiling fat till a rich golden brown.

Altogether Too Fussy

The fussy woman was arguing with the shopkeeper over the purchase of a rabbit. After inspecting several, she said she could not eat one that had been shot or trapped.

Puzzled as to what she did require, the shopkeeper lost his temper, picked up another, and said, "Here, ma'am, have this one—it's been bored to death!"

A WELCOME FOR FATHER

By Lydia Lion Roberts

"IS it six o'clock yet?" asked little Nora, running into the kitchen

"Not quite," said her aunt who had come to take Mother's place for a few days and was now busy preparing the dinner. "Why are you so eager for it to be six o'clock, Nora? You have asked me that several times."

"Because Daddy comes home at half past six," explained the child, "and Mother and David and I always begin to get ready for him at six o'clock. We put away our toys and help to make the house look nice, and then we wash our hands and faces. Mother says everthing must be spick and span to welcome Daddy. David puts Daddy's newspaper in his big chair, and I get his slippers. When he comes in, David takes his coat, and I put his hat away, and he rests while we help get dinner. After dinner we all have fun together."

"That is a lovely idea," said her aunt "and now it is six o'clock so you may begin your welcome. I shall go and cut some flowers for the table and that will be my part."

When Father arrives home after a day's work or a business trip, the atmosphere which greets him will somewhat influence his attitude toward his family. A welcoming atmosphere quickly warms the heart of a man, and if he steps into a house especially made ready to recieve him, he can hardly help responding graciously.

"Oh, hurry change your face! It's time to smile," cried a little boy to his baby brother who was crying. "Don't you know Daddy will feel sorry if he can't find some smiles in the house?"

Father's standing in the home depends largely on the mother, for the children will more or less respond to her example and imitate her atitude. If the day's cares and difficulties are relived before Father, who already has encountered the hardships attendant on the responsibility of maintaining and protecting the home, he is not likely to feel that his home is the place of rest and refreshment that it might be. Not but what it is his privilege to share all the real problems and to give them the benefit of efficient and considerate attention but without doubt there is a better time and place for the discussion of such things than when a man first enters the home at night.

After he is cheered and rested by the loving home atmosphere he will be far more willing and better able to cooperate in the home affairs, and this will lighten Mother's task.

Children can easily learn to remember the pleasant things to tell their father when he first comes home. They can be taught to look their best for him to be busy but not noisy in their play, so that he may relax, to show their affection in quiet ways that will not annoy.

They can be interested to help welcome their father in such a way that they may lighten his cares. If they show consideration for his tastes and prefrences, evince appreciation of his good qualities and cooperate in his plans, it will mean much to him. Such a procedure is wise; it creates a home atmosphere of thoughtfulness and graciousness that is wholesome and beneficial to all the family.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

The First Ice Cream

The first actual ice-cream mixture was invented in 1660 by an Italian named Cultelli.

He was an apprentice to a confectioner at the time and conceived the idea of mixing a sweet liquid with crushed ice. Finding this a success he prepared a sweet creamy mixture.

This was placed in the upper partition of a double-bottomed wooden box; in the lower one was crushed ice. He turned the inner container by hand and it is easy to imagine his delight at the appetizing result when eventually the mixture froze.

Some two hundred years later, ice-cream was introduced into England by Carlo Gatti. In days gone by, the cry "Ecco un Poco" in the streets heralded the arrival of the ice-cream merchant. Gradually that cry—meaning "Here is a little"—has been shortened until it was called "hokey-pokey", this term seems now to be dying out.—Home Owner.

NEW RUNNERLESS STRAWBERRY

BARON SOLEMACHER. This greatly superior variety produces the largest berries from seed of any variety. Flowers eight weeks from seed. Easily grown. Does not have runners but produces great quantities of finest fruit throughout the season. Has the delicious flavor and aroma of wild strawberries. A showy pot plant and fine for garden. Plant now. Order direct from this advertisement. (Pkt. 25c) (2 pkts. 45c) Postpaid.

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Northern Messenger

Getting a perspective on the rapid march of events.

HOW WAGES THE WAR?

THE war is spreading. As a prairie fire travels against the wind where it can get fresh oxygen, the Nazi intrigues and forces are moving against the will of surrounding nations lest Nazidom be smothered at home.

But as the Nazi forces spread out farther afield they become divided and less potent in any one direction. And as they extend through unwilling countries they greatly increase the friction and costliness of maintaining their lengthening lines of communication. They are always fearful of an uprising in their rear.

The overrun peoples have had a sufficient taste of the Nazi regime to make them ready to turn on their conquerors the moment a chance offers. A major check to the Nazi arms in any direction would be seized by the conquered peoples in other directions as an opportune time to turn on their conquerors with the aid of their old allies.

This may bring about the beginning of the end of the Nazi plague.

And there are other disadvantages. The more any one of the marauding dictators gets, the more suspicious become his fellow-robbers. Honor and co-operation among thieves extends only to the point where they are fairly well satisfied that it serves their interest to stick together. Russia who gained an unlawful picking of about half of Poland, Finland and the lesser Baltic countries, looks askance at Germany's adventures through the Balkans to the Dardanelles. Hitler says he has no designs on Turkey or the Dardanelles. But the same deceiver said he had no design on Czechoslovakia proper, that he had no design on Roumania, on Bulgaria and has none on Yugoslavia. The world knows enough of what happens to the countries he pretends to befriend. He exploits their resources and citizens to the utmost for his Nazi program. Cruelty and terror reign wherever his shadow falls.

At this writing, March 5, it looks as if Turkey and Greece would stand together with the aid of Britain to block Hitler's march through southeastern Europe. But it also looks as though Russia might try some "protective" grabbing ahead of Hitler. That would bring trouble between those two dictators, which would go far to easing the Nazi pressure on the small nations, and would give Britain a chance to liberate one after another of the Nazi-conquered peoples as she has been relieving those conquered by Mussolini. We are not predicting. By the time this reaches our readers, about ten days hence, the war parade may have moved into quite another stage. We are hoping. And we are praying, with confidence, that in some way God will cause righteousness to triumph.

A TRIBUTE

It's such a very, very little Isle!
It breaks our hearts in yearning tenderness.
"(Stray wind-blown curl from Europe's massive tress)
You hold within your heart our liberty—
Since who shall die if England stay but free?
Here France's soul revives; and Holland's head;
And Norway's strength; and Africa's lost cause
Is found again; the Belgian and the Pole—
All these and more have found a shelter on
Your Island shore."
And, when we dread the crawling Evil's spread,
We whisper one thing more—
These people trust their God—they have a king
Who bows before One mightier than all,
And bids his people place their hand in His,
And so fare forth. And in this trust—this hope—
This confidence, our great Americas,
Can take their freedom from this little Isle
So wide awake.

—Winifred M. Crossley.

GOVERNMENT HINDERERS

THE partisan monkey wrenches that are being thrown into the appointed democratic machine so as to gain some party advantage give Hitler cause to snicker and say, "I told you so. Democracy is its own enemy." For example —the very people who say President Roosevelt is headed for dictatorship are proving that they at least need to be dictated to. The kindest view history could take of some American isolationists and some critics is that they are of unbalanced mind. They are barnacles on the Ship of State, they are entangling sea-weeds binding its rudder.

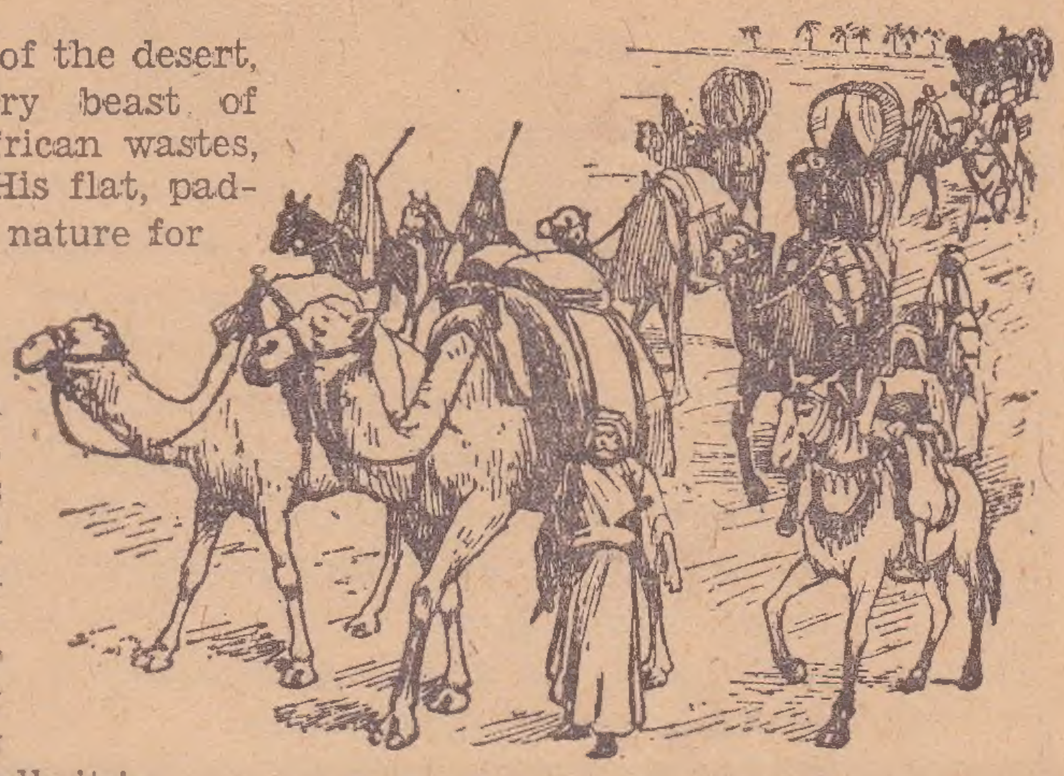
Meantime they are strengthening the enemy of humanity—*their* enemy; and they are weakening their country against a rapidly-approaching day of reckoning. Such people will be held responsible in due course for adding to the difficulty and cost of government and defence. We need a positive, not a negative program today.

NAZI BOASTFULNESS

THE Nazis managed to get one small ship (professedly sailing from Bordeaux on the southwest coast of France) through the British blockade of the French Coast. The vessel's arrival in Rio de Janeiro after 31 days at sea was hailed as a marvellous feat by the Nazis. Just think how that magnifies the British feat of getting thousands of British and allied ships through the vaunted Nazi blockade of Britain. The Nazis should wait till the vessel returns to Bordeaux to do their crowing.

More than two divisions of the Canadian Army, aggregating probably forty thousand men have been transported oversea without the loss of a single man.

A Remarkable Beast is the Camel



THE camel, the ship of the desert, remains a necessary beast of burden in the African wastes, where he is supreme. His flat, padded feet are designed by nature for walking on soft sand or hard rock surface, while his nose is furnished with muscles which can be closed in a sandstorm.

Furthermore camels never fall, as they can throw their long legs in any direction in an instant. Even though they trip on an obstacle, they do not necessarily come down; if anything falls it is the rider or the load on the camel's back. And they kneel to be unloaded.

"Remarkable Camel Records" is the title of an article by Ewen K. Patterson in the February number of Our Dumb Animals, in which the tenacity and untiring marching powers of the camel are described.

The writer tells of the record performance not long ago of a team of six camels in the heart of Australia. These camels were engaged in transporting members of a scientific expedition in desert country. On one stage of the journey the team travelled 537 miles in 34 days without a drop of water to drink.

The journey was through dewless country, in which there are stretches of the worst sandhill terrain in the world. The camels were entirely unaffected by their lack of water.

In Australia also was a 40-year-old camel known as Lalla, which for ten years carried mails through the desert in the centre of the island continent. A hundred miles a week was this animal's routine.

Then Lalla was sent to South Africa to carry mails across a waterless desert 100 miles wide in the Northern Cape province. Every week for the past 25 years Lalla has been carrying the mails covering the hundred miles in eight hours.

It is evident that this camel is deserving of a long-service medal for faithful and constant performance of duty. Like the horse, the camel can be ridden or put between traces of a wagon. And he lasts longer than any motor vehicle and is far cheaper to operate.—Sel.

CRAFTSMEN IN IVORY

TUCKED away behind the Juma Masjid, the great mosque in Delhi city, India, there flourish the ivory carvers for whose work Delhi is famous.

The visitor will find displayed pieces of ivory carving many of which have taken 10 to 15 years to complete. They range in price from a few rupees to as much as Rs. 10,000 for trinket boxes and stands on which the story of the 'Ramayana' or the life of Krishna are illustrated.

Recently, a suite of furniture, carved from ivory, has been completed after 25 years' hard labor. It is priced Rs. three lakhs, (£22,500). The art of ivory carving is a jealously-guarded secret, known only to a few families and handed down from father to son. In one workshop the same families have worked for the same family of owners since the business was started about 1630.

The working day is restricted to four hours, as the intense concentration and the extreme care required impose a great strain both on the nervous system and on the eyesight of the workers. The tools used are simple and are usually manufactured by the workmen themselves.—Montreal Gazette.

A tourist asked a Texas hotel manager what attractions the city offered.

"A helium plant," replied the hotel man; "the only one of its kind in the world."

The tourist thanked him and said, "I hope it is in full bloom."

Mathematics Teacher: "Robert, can you tell me what is meant by a polygon?"

Robert (a freshman): "I guess it means a parrot that's dead, doesn't it?"

"Owls do their courting only when the weather is fine," says a nature note. When it's raining, of course, it's too-wet-to-woo.

PLAYING THE GAME

NOT everyone quite understands this rather precious art of playing the game. So much depends upon our understanding: that inner sense of the fairness and goodness of things. Without that, we shall never quite play the game.

We may be the greatest of experts in the game: no one may equal us. We lead the field. And the world recognizes our success. But such success in sport is impossible if there is no sense of fairness in our play. Cheating would ruin us. We must play the game.

It is less easy to cheat in sport than it is in the game of life. We can so often hide our doubtful actions in the latter. That is where our character plays the real part. There are so many hundreds of ways in which we need not play the game, and few will find us out. Of course, we know that we just did not do the fair thing. If we want our self-respect, it is up to us to do what is right.

And it is such a glorious thought that comes back to us when, without a gallery to applaud, we do that which we know to be honorable and upright. There is only our conscience to say well done. But what music there is in that "Well done." It is worth much fine gold. More than the applause of the whole world—did it know of what we had done.—G. H. G. in Great Thoughts.

Energy

THE longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination. A purpose once fixed, then death or victory. That quality which will do anything that can be done in the world. —Buxton.

WINGS FOR BRITAIN

A HIGH percentage of work is put in by women and girls on the aircraft which British factories are turning out every day to swell the strength of the Royal Air Force.

At one huge factory where giant British bombers of the sort that raided Kiel are being made, one-third of the work is done by women and girls. As the result of efficient organization, processes can often be adapted to unskilled or semi-skilled labor, thus releasing skilled labor for other work.

Girls in their 'teens who have been engaged in these operations for only two or three months are achieving high output and a very satisfactory standard of work.

As a contrast between ancient and modern, in this factory a typical English village blacksmith can be seen working at his trade in the shadow of the most modern machinery.—C. H.